TORRINGTONIA,

OR,

A New Copy of Verſes

ON THE

Late Sea Engagement.

To a Tune, *Which no-body can deny.*

I Sing not the Battle (ſo Fam'd) of *Lepanto*,
Nor what the Turks got by the Siege of *Otranto*,
Nor the *Spaniſh Armada* ſo brave and gallanto
Which no body can deny.

Nor how they were bang'd by Invincible *Drake*,
Nor the Courage and Conduct of Excellent *Blake*,
Nor of Men that Fought bravely when all was at Stake
Which, &c.

But a ſort of Sea-Fight 'tween the *French* & *Hollander*,
Where th'*Engliſh* had joyn'd, but that their Comm--der
In Chief, wou'd not be a *with-* but a *by-ſtander*
Which, &c.

The *Dutch* to the Enemy boldly drew near,
But th'Adm——ral o'th *Engliſh* more wiſely did ſteer,
For he thought it was ſafer to keep in the Rear
Which, &c.

Grafton ('twas ſaid) came couragiouſly in,
And by mauling the *French* great honour did win,
But *Torr'* was reſolv'd to ſleep in a whole Skin
Which, &c.

Had each Ship and its Captain but been Independant,
They'd certainly made a more glorious end on't,
Then Commanded by ſuch a ſtout ſuperintendant
Which, &c.

Tyrrel and *Durrel* did boldly ſtand to 'em,
(Thinking to beat the *French* and to undo 'em,)
But th'Adm——l only came thither to view 'em
Which, &c.

And thô the *French Fleet* was ſo little eſteem'd,
And their Courage and Conduct deſpiſable deem'd,
To wiſe *Herb---t* they plainly Invincible ſeem'd
Which, &c.

Some Ships too Fool-hardy did headlong engage;
Which put the Stout Adm——l in ſuch a rage,
That nought but a *W-hore* could his paſſion aſſwage
Which, &c.

When the Shot from the Enemy flying at random
Slew the ſtout Hero's Dog, that could no way withſtand
His Bit---'s deſired their Maſter to land 'em ('em,
Which, &c.

'Twould make a Man, much more a Woman, agaſt Sir,
To ſee a Dog kill'd 'twixt the Leggs of his Maſter,
Who much more deſerv'd ſuch a diſmal diſaſter
Which, &c.

Some ſay that he wanted both Powder and Ball,
Be that true or falſe, it was certainly all
One to him, whoſe Courage was ſo very ſmall
Which &c.

The Dutch at the Enemy bravely did Fire all,
Tho' *Arth-ur* commanded the Fleet to retire all,
For which if he be'nt H*an*g'd we much ſhou'd Ad-(mire all
Which, &c.

Thô the *French* for a time may bluſter and boaſt
Of the Honour they won, by *Torrington* loſt,
Their Courage will cool when our Fleet's on their Coaſt
Which, &c.

Not One Town of theirs, nor Two, Three nor Four
Shall appeaſe for the pranks they play'd on our Shoar,
We have Admirals now that will pay off the Score
Which, &c.

Printed at the requeſt of a Tarr. For the diverſion of the Melancholly Widows of *Wapping*.